"Rogers has had another fit. Get the

with the ammonia he held up Rogers'

some water into the face of the uncon-

"She will soon be all right again."

she said and, truly enough, at the end

of a few seconds, the girl opened her

eyes and looked dazedly about her.

A hearse sob was the only answer.

Then a violent trembling seized her.

scious Julie.

this man?"

"In Paris?"

The girl nodded again.

"He was your lover?"

she went on more sternly.

A third nod, and a flood of tenrs

"Madame will never forgive me."

sobbed the girl, and I began to think



Copyright, 1913, by Burton E. Stevenson *******************************

former.

blower."

smile.

bands.

nsked.

signs of impatience.

known at once to be the mistress, in-

Parks opened the door to us, and,

nodding to him, I led the way along

the half and into the antercom. God-

the flame of interest which leaped into

his eyes as Mr. Hornblower and the

"This is my witness," I said to the

Godfrey bowed, and Hornblower re-

garded him with a good humored

"If I were not sure of Mr. God-

frey's discretion," he said. "I should

object. But I have tested it before

this and know that it can be relied

The woman I had decided was the

maid sat down as though her legs

were unable to sustain her and was

nervously clasping and unclasping her

frey's gauntlet lying on a chair.

"You are sure?" I queried.

in such a matter, sir? I assure you

that was almost a sob.

Even her mistress showed

clined her head a little.

two veiled women entered.

CHAPTER IX. The Veiled Lady.

R. HORNBLOWER must have driven straight to her family residence on the avenue, or perhaps she was awaiting blm at file office. At any rate, be call ed me up inside the half hour.

'My client would like to see the cabinet at once," he said. "She is in a rery nervous condition, especially since the learned that some one else has tried to open the drawer. When will It be convenient for you to go wit?

"I can go at once," I said. Then we will drive around for you. We should be there in fifteen or twen-

ty minutes. "Very well," I said, "I'll be ready. tishall, of course, want to take a wit ness with me."

"That is quite proper," assented Mr. Hornblower. "We can have no objection to that. In twenty minutes, then." I got the Record office as soon as 1 maid, but Godfrey was not there. He did not come on usually, some one said, until the middle of the afternoon. I rang up his rooms, but there was no teply. Finally I called up the Van-

"Parks." I said, "I am bringing up some people to look at that cabinet It might be just as well to get that coi out of the way and have all the lights going.

"The lights are already going, sir," he said.

"Already going? What do you mean?

"Mr. Godfrey has been here for quite awhile, sir, fooling with that cabinet

"Tell him, Parks, that I am bringing some people up to see the cabinet and that I should like him to stay there and be a witness of the proceedings."

Very well, sir," assented Parks, "Everything quiet?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There was two policemen outside all night and Rogers and me inside." "Mr. Hornblower's carriage is below, sir," announced the office boy, opening

the door "All right," I said. "We are coming

right up, Parks. Goodby," and I hung up and alipped into my coat.

Then as I took down my hat a sudden thought struck me. If the unknown Frenchman was indeed sa emissary of Monsieur X., madame might be acquainted with him. It was a long shot, but worth trying. I stepped to my desk, took out the photograph which Godfrey had given me and slipped it into my pocket. Then I burried out to the elevator.

There were three persons in the cartisge. Mr. Hornblower sat with his back to the borses, and two women were on the opposite seat. Both were dressed in black and heavily veiled, but there was about them the indefinable distinction of mistress and maid. The latter was restless and uneasy. Mr. Hornblower glanced behind me as I entered.

"You spoke of a witness," he said. "He is at the Vantine house." I explained and sat down beside him." "This is Mr. Lester," he said, and the veiled lady opposite him, whom I had

ing that cabinet you are running a then, clutching at his throat, he half my wife." great risk." "A great risk?" she echoed, looking do once before. Then Parks appeared.

"Is there not connected with the ammonia;" shouted Godfrey. Parks drawer," I asked, "a mechanism which staggered away. as the drawer is opened plunges two

poisoned fangs into the hand which opens it?" "No, Mr. Lester." she answered, as to his nostrils. touishment in her voice, "I assure you | Madame, meanwhile, had dashed

there is no such mechanism ' I clutched at a last straw, and a sorry one it was.

The mechanism may have been placed there since the cabinet passed from your possession," I suggested. "That is perhaps possible," she agreed, though I saw that she was un-

would ask that in opening the drawer you wear this gnuntlet," and I picked up Godfrey's gauntlet from the chair on which it lay. "It is needless that this man?" you should take any risk, however slight. Permit me," and I slipped the gauntlet over her right hand.

As I did so I glanced at Godfrey. He was staring at the veiled lady with such a look of stupefaction that I nearly choked with delight. It had not often been my luck to see Jim Godfrey What was he doing in this house?"

She moved toward the cabinet. Godfrey and I close behind her. Instinctively I glanced toward the shuttered window, but the semicircle of light was unobscured.

"It is a little awkward," she said, "I have always been accustomed to using the left hand. You will notice that I am pressing on three points. But to open the drawer one must press these points in a certain order-first this one, then this one and then this

"The cabinet is in here," I said and "I believe you, madame." I said, and, led the way into the inner room, the with a sigh of relief that was almost a sob, she rebound the packet and madame can, perhaps, do for me."

it was in the room beyond that they "Yes," she answered, with a gasp died, but we believe it was here they received the wounds which caused death. It seems that we were wrong in "Do you think I could be mistaken

> has never been any such weird mechyou know, that the cabinet was made

'Mr. Vantine suspected as said. "He was examining it at the a power over me. He could make me time he died. What the other man do anything. He even beat me! And was doing we do not know, but if we still I went back to him!" could identify him it might help us. It has occurred to me, madame, that velled lady. you may have seen him on La Tournine -that he may even be known to you."

"The card he sent in to Mr. Vantine bore the name of Theophile D'Aurelle." She shook her head.

"I have never before heard that name, Mr. Lester."

shook her head. Then she looked at it again, turning aside and raising her tress.

"On the boat, perhaps," I suggested, but I knew very well it was not on the boat, since the man had crossed in madame. That night I had a rendezthe steerage.

him, and yet I can't say where. Perhaps my maid can help us." Photo- opened-all. But I did not suspect graph in hand, she stepped through the that this cabinet at one time belonged doorway into the outer room.

"Julie." said she in rapid French, "I have here the photograph of a man has got what he deserved." who was killed in this room most mysteriously a few days ago. These gen- against her eyes. tlemen wish to identify him. The face

Julie put forth a shaking hand, took the photograph and glanced at it; then, with a long sigh, slid limply to this room." the floor before either Godfrey or I

As she fell her vell, catching on the chair back, was torn away, and, looking down at her, a great emotion burst within me, for I recognized the mysterious woman whose photograph D'Aurelle had carried in his watch

For a moment I stood spellbound. staring down at that jaded and passion stained countenance; then Godfrey sprang forward and lifted the uncon-

"Bring some water," he said, and as he turned and looked at me I saw that

his face was glowing with excitement. I rushed to the door and snatched it open. Rogers was standing in the hall the water and turned back into the room.

Godfrey was chading the girl's hands. sight of him seemed to madden her. and the velled lady was bending over her, fumbling at the hooks of her her clinched fist at him. "It was you

"Here's the water, sir," said Rogers and handed me glass and pitcher. The next instant his eyes fell upon

the woman on the couch. He atood shastly laugh. "It was natural"

"I must warn you that in touch- staring, his face turning slowly purple; enough, sir," he said hoarsely. "She's turned and fell just as I had seen him

CHAPTER X. Enter M. Armand.

IGHT or ten years before the fair Julie-at least she was When he came back a moment later fairer then than now - had head, while Parks applied the phial end proposed marriage, had been ac- him by mistake. Armand & Son cable cepted and for some months had led you that it was a mistake, and yet an eventful existence as the busband they cite Vantine as the purchaser." of the siren. Then one morning he awakened to find her gone.

He had, of course, intrusted his sav- added. "What is it, Julie?" asked her misings to her, and the savings were gone tress, taking her hand, "You knew also. Julie, it seems, had been over- agreed. come with longing for the Paris asphalt, and she had flown back to doesn't it? But there is one thing "You must tell me," went on ma-France. Rogers had thought of fol- sure. The killing, whatever its cause. dame quietly, but firmly. "You knew lowing; but, appalled at the difficulty of finding her in Paris, not knowing not in here." The girl nodded and closed her eyes. what he should do if he did find her. he had finally given it up and had settled gloomily down to live upon his memories. Some sort of affection for her had kept alive within him, and "I remember, now," said madame when he opened the door of Vantine's er and was killed in the attempt. But suddenly. "I saw him with her once. house and found her standing on the it is evident enough now that there is steps he was as wax in her hands.

When the story was finished Julie was quite herself again, even a little proud, I think, of holding the center of the stage in the role of siren.

"This is all true, I suppose?" asked

the veiled lady. "All quite true, madame," answered Julie, with a shrug. "I am older now and have more sense; besides, I am no longer sought after as I was." "And so," said madame, with irony, 'you are now no doubt willing to re-

turn to your husband." "I have been considering it, madame. One must have a harbor in one's old

I glanced at Rogers and was astonished to see that he was regarding the woman with affectionate admiration.

"I have hesitated," she added, "only because of madame. Where would madame get another maid such as I?" "We will discuss it," said the veiled lady, "when we are alone. And now, perhaps, you will be so good as to tell us of your previous visit here."

"One day on the boat as I was looking down at the passengers of the third class that I perceived Georges-M. Drouet-strolling about. I was bouleversee-what you call upset with amazement, and then he looked up and our eyes met, and he came beneath me and commanded that I meet him that evening. It was then that I learned his plan. It was to secure those letters for himself and to dispose of them." "To whom?" asked Godfrey.

"To the person that would pay the greatest price for them, most certainly.

They were to be offered first to madame at 10,000 francs each. Should she refuse they were then to be offered to M. le Duc-he would surely desire to possess them!" The velled lady shivered a little.

"That night," continued Julie, "I decided that at the first moment I would hasten to this house; I would explain the matter to M. Vantine; I would persuade him to restore to me the letters with which I would fly to madame. I knew also that I could rely upon her gratitude.

"It was not until evening that I found an opportunity to leave madame. I hastened here; I rang the bell, but I confess I should have failed, I should not have secured an entrance if it had not been that it was my husband who opened the door to me. M. Vantine himself came into the hall, and I ran to him and begged that he hear me. It was then that he invited me to enter this room."

She paused again, and a little shiver of expectancy ran through me. At last we were to learn how Philip Vantine had met his death!

"I sat down," continued Julie. "I told him the story from the very beginning. He listened with much interest, but when I proposed that he should restore to me the letters he hesitated. He walked up and down the room, trying to decide, then he took 'me through that door into the room beyond. The cabinet was standing in the center of the floor, and all the lights were blazing.

"I went'to the cabinet and pressed on the three springs, as I had seen madame do. The little handle at the everything. The drawer, how it was side fell out, but suddenly he stopped me.

" 'Those letters do not belong to you.' stant did I suspect. But on the boat 1 he said. They belong to your missaw him, and then I knew. Well, he fress. I cannot permit that you take them away, for, after all, I do not She shivered and pressed her hands know you. You may intend to make some bad use of them."

"He brought me back into this room. I could have cried with rage!

"'Return to your mistress,' he said. 'and inform her that I shall be most before last, and saw Philip Vantine in happy to return the letters to her. But It must be in her own hands that I "I did not!" shricked the girl, her place them." "I saw that it was of no use to ar-

"She came for the letters," went on gue further. He was of adamant. Godfrey inexorably. "Any fool could So I left the house, he himself opening guess. She came for the letters! She the door for me. And that is all that "Of course," Godfrey suggested gent-

"It is a He!" shricked the girl again. ly, "as soon as you reached home you related to your mistress what had occurred?" Julie grew a little crimson.

"No, monsieur," she said, "I told her

nothing. I feared that without the letters she would misunderstand my motives." "And then, of course, without the

The velled lady rose. Julie resumed her veil. Pooting at Godfrey a glance

"I thank you, Mr. Lester, for your, kindness," she said , "Come, Julie," and she moved toward the door, which Rogers hastened to open.

Mr. Hornblower nodded and passed

story it would make! And I can't use it. It's a bitter reflection, Lester."

"It would certainly shake the pillars of society." I agreed. "I'm rather shaken myself. I hadn't any idea this was the right cabinet. I didn't see bow it could be.

"That's it exactly. How did it hapcome to New York to enter the pen when the velled indy went to employ of a family whose mistress Armand & Son in Paris that she was had decided that life without a French directed to Philip Vantine? According maid was unendurable. Rogers had to his own story, he did not purchase met her, had been fascinated by her this cabinet. He had never seen it black eyes and red lips, had in the before. It was presumably shipped

> "There is no poisoned mechanism about that drawer, that's sure," I

"No, and never has been," Godfrey

"And that leaves us all at sea was done out there in the antercom. "What makes you think that?"

"We believe that Drouet came here to get Vantine's permission to open this drawer and get the letters, saw the cabinet, tried to open the drawnothing about that drawer to hurt any

"Yes, that's evident, I think," Godfrey agreed.

"If he had opened the drawer, then, he would have taken the letters, since there was nothing to prevent him. Since they were not taken it follows. doesn't it, that he was killed before he had a chance at the drawer? Perhaps he never saw the cabinet. He must have been killed out there in the anteroom a few minutes after Parks left."

"And how about Vantine?" Godfrey

asked. "If he had opened the drawer," I pointed out. "and been killed in the act of opening it, it would have been found open. I had thought that perhaps it closed of itself, but you see that it does not. You have to push it shut and then snap the bandle up into place."

"That's true." Godfrey assented. "Neither of them opened the drawer, But there is an alternative. The hand that killed Drouet and Vantine may also have closed the drawer."

"And left the letters in it?" I questioned. "Surely not!" He glanced at the shuttered window. "Besides." I protested, "how would be get in? How would he get away?

What was he after if he left the letters behind?" Then I rose wearily. "I must be getting back to the office," I said. "This is Saturday, and we close at 2. Are you coming?"

"No," he answered. "If you don't mind I'll sit here awhile longer and think things over, Lester. Perhaps I'll blunder on to the truth yet!" I got back to the office to find that

M. Felix Armand of Armand & Son had called and, finding me out, had left his card, with the penciled memorandum that he would call again Monday morning. Vantine's will was probated next

morning. He directed that his collec-



M. Felix Armand Was Shown In to Me. tion of art objects be removed to the

museum and that the house and such portion of its contents as the museum did not care for be sold for the museum's benefit. I was requested to remain in charge of things for a week or two until arrangements for the removal could be made. I acquiesced in all these arrange-

ments, but I was feeling decidedly blue when I found myself back in the office.

"Gentleman to see you, sir," said the office boy as I sat down at my desk. and a moment later M. Felix Armand was shown in to me. Ruddy faced, bright eved, with dark, full beard and waving hair almost fet black, he gave the impression of tremendous strength and virility. There was about him, too, an air of culture not to be mistaken. I was both impressed and

"I speak English very badly, sir," be sold as he sat down. "If you speak French'

charmed by bim.

"Not half so well as you speak Eng-

tish," I laughed. "I can tell that from your first sentence."

"In that event I will do the best that I can," he said, smiling, "and you must pardon my blunders. First, Mr. Lester, on behalf of Armand & Son, I most ask your pardon for this mistake. so inexcusable. We cannot find for it an explanation. The cabinet which was purchased by Mr. Vantine remained in our warehouse, and this other one was boxed and shipped to him. We are investigating most rigidly.

Public Auction

216 neres of land in South Rock Island, located one block east of Center Station and one block from Watch Tower car line will be sold at auction Feb. 28, 1914, on premises to highest bidder.

Fine place for truck garden, chicken farm or greenhouse. Seven room house, outbuildings and some fruit on property.

Owner leaving city. Sale starts at 1 p. m., Saturday, Feb. 28, Terms made known day of sale.

H. C. HARRIS Auctioneer.

in Paris?" "No. Mr. Lester; the error was discovered some days ago, and the cabinet belonging to Mr. Vantine was shipped to me here. It should arrive next Wednesday on La Provence. I shall myself receive it and deliver it to Mr. Vantine."

"Mr. Vantine is dead," I said. "You did not know?"

He sat sturing at me for a moment. "Did I understand that you said Mr. Vantine is dead?" he stammered. I told him briefly as much as I

knew of the tragedy. "It is curious you saw nothing of it in the papers," I added. "They were full of it.

"I have been visiting friends at Quebec," he explained. "It was there that the message from our house found me commanding me to hasten here. A blunder of this sort we feel as a disgrace. I have met Mr. Vantine many times. He was a real connoisseur. We have lost one of our most valued patrons. You say that he was found dead in a room at his house?"

"Yes, and death resulted from a small wound on the hand, into which some very powerful poison had been injected." "That is most curious. In what man-

ner was such a wound made? "That we don't know. I had a the-"Yes?" he questioned, his eyes

gleaming with interest. "A few hours previously another man had been found in the same room, killed in the same way."

"Another man?" "A stranger who had called to see Mr. Vantine. My theory was that both this stranger and Mr. Vantine had been killed while trying to open a secret drawer in the Boule cabinet. Do you know anything of the history of

that cabinet, M. Armand?" "We believe it to have been made for Mme. de Montespan by M. Boule himself," he answered. "It is the original of one now in the Louvre which is known to have belonged to

the Grand Louis." "It was Mr. Vantine's correct guess at the history of the cabinet," I explained, "which gave me the basis for my theory. A cabinet belonging to Mme. de Montespan would, of course, have a secret drawer. What more natural than that it should be guarded by

a poisoned mechanism?" "What more natural, indeed! It is good reasoning, Mr. Lester," he agreed erly, his eyes b of fire, so intense was his interest. "1 have been from boyhood a lover of

tales of mystery. I am fascinated." "Perhaps you can assist us," I sugbeen completely disproved."

gested, "for that theory of mine has "Disproved? In what way?" he de-

manded. "The secret drawer has been found." "How?" he cried, his voice sharp

with surprise. "Found? The secret drawer has been found?" "Yes, and there was no poisoned mechanism guarding it."

He breathed deeply for an instant: then be pulled himself together with a little laugh. "Really," he said, "I must not indulge myself in this way. Was the

drawer empty?" "No; there was a packet of letters in it." "Dellclous! Love letters, of a cer-

tainty! From the Great Louis to the Montespan, perhaps?" "No, unfortunately, they were of a much more recent date. They have

been restored to their owner. I hope that you agree with me that that was the right thing to do?" "Since the letters have been returned." he said at last, a little dryly, "it is useless to discuss the matter. Has

not other explanation been found for the death of Mr. Vantine and of this stranger? You do not even know who he was?" "Oh, yes, we have discovered that,

He was a worthless fellow named Drouet, living in an attic in the Rue de la Huchette, in Paris." M. Armand had been gazing at me

intently, but now his look relaxed, and I fancied that he drew a deep breath as a man might do when relleved of a burden.

"You did not, by any chance, know him?" I asked carelessly.

"No, I think not. But I do not understand what this Drouet, as you call him, was doing in the house of Mr. Vantine."

"He was trying to get possession of the letters," I said. "What none of us understands, M. Armand, is how he was killed. Who or what killed him. How was that poison administered. Can you suggest an explanation?" .

"It is a nice problem," he said, "a most interesting one. I will think it. over, Mr. Lester, I shall see you again Wednesday. If it is agreeable to you we can meet at the house of Mr. Vantine and exchange the enbi-

nets." "At what time?" "I do not know with exactness

There may be some delay in getting the cabinet from the ship. Perhaps it would be better if I called for you?" "Very well." I assented

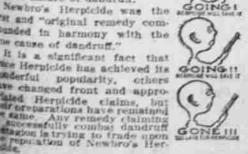
(To Be Continued Next Wedneslay.) All the news all the time - The Argus. "Then Mr. Vantine's cabluet is still

DANDRUFF CONTAGION; STOPS FALLING HAIR

Others Imitate and Make Similar Claims But Newbro's Herpicide Was the First Scalp Preparation Ever Made in Harmony With the True Cause of Dandruff

The discovery of the origin of dan- | Don't allow yourself to be deceived. full as the cause of all hale trouble is You are not taking chances when you hot a recent event, Prof. Unna the the germ theory to the World in 1887; later Esbouraud, by his experiments with a rabbit, maved beyond a doubt the conagious nature of dandruff.

frst and "original remedy com-Sounded in harmony with the The cause of dandruff." It is a significant fact that Herpicide has achieved its GOING! fonderful popularity, others ave changed front and approsaid Herpicide claims, but in oreparations have remained same. Any remedy claiming successfully combat dandruff chagon is trying to frade morn reparation of Newbro's Her-



purchase Newbro's Herpicide, You are buying a remedy backed

"In touching that cabinet you are run-

ning a great risk."

to me. You permit me?" she added

"One moment, madame," I interpos-

and took a step toward it.

up by the praises of your friends scious woman to the couch. and the confidence of your dealer who will absolutely guarantee it to do as promised or re-You will find Herpicide at all

oller goods counters in 50 cent and \$1 sizes. Applications may so obtained at the better class I harber shops and hair dress-

of barber shops and hair dress-ing parfors.

The Herpicide Co., Dept. S., Deirott, Mich., upon receipt of 16 cents in postage or silver to cover cost of packing and mail-ing, will send to any address a sample bottle of Newbro's Her-picide and an interesting book-let on the care of the hair.

Young & McCombs Coopera-tive Store Company are special agents.—Adv.)

convinced. "At any rate, madame," I said, "7

mystified, but he was certainly mystified now.

The veiled lady bent above the table and disposed the fingers of her right hand to fit the metal inlay midway of the left side.

frey was awaiting us there, and I saw "Mr. Godfrey - Mr. Horn-

There was a sharp click, and at the side of the table a piece of the metal inlay fell forward. "That is the handle," said the velled

lady, and without an instant's hesitation, while my heart stood still, she grasped it and drew out a shallow drawer. "Ah!" And, casting aside the ridiculous gauntlet, she caught up the packet of papers which lay within, "You see that they are only letters. Mr. Lester," she said in a low voice, "and I assure you that they belong to

two men and the velled lady at my slipped it into the bosom of her gown. It stood in the middle of the floor. "There is one thing," I added, "which just as it had stood since the night of the tragedy, and all the lights were "I shall be most happy!" she breathed. golug. As I entered I noticed God-"As I have told Mr. Hornblower." I continued. "two men died in this room "Is it the right one, madam?" I

> this." "Undoubtedly," she agreed. "There anism as you described connected with that drawer, Mr. Lester-at least not not bear that! Madame would not be since I have had it. There is a legend, so cruel. I will tell, I will tell every-

for Mme. de Montespan."

"What was his name?"

"Perhaps you will recognize this photograph?" She took it, looked at it and again

veil in order to see it better. "There seems to be something familiar about the face," she said at last, "as though I might have seen the man somewhere."

"No; it was not on the boat. I did not leave my stateroom on the boat, to stone. But I am quite sure that I have seen

cannot place it. Look at it." could entch her.

case.

Indian.

us nothing. He tried to shield you."

"It is a lie!" the day before yesterday, or, rather, that she was more concerned for herself than for her lover. The same thought occurred to her mistress, too, no doubt, for her voice hardened.

> well, you must tell-if not here, then before an officer of the police." "Oh, no, no!" screamed Julie, sitting suddenly erect, "Never that! I could thing. After all, I was not to blame. It was that creature. I did not love him-but I feared him. He possessed

"Try me," she said. "Understand

"What was his name?" asked the "Georges Drouet-he lived in the Rue de la Huchette, just off the Rue St. Jacques-on the top floor, under the gutters. He was bad-bad. I met him six months ago. He knew how to fascinate one. I thought he loved me. Then he began to borrow money from me until he had taken all that I had saved, then my rings-every one," She held up her hands to show their bare-

ness. "Then"-She stopped and glanced at her mis-"Continue!" said the latter. "I knew of the secret drawer. Ma-

dame will remember her despair, her horror, when she entered her room to find the cabinet gone, taken away, sold by that- I, too, was in despair-I desired with my whole soul to help vous with him." Her mistress stood as though turned

what was in his mind-not for an in-

"He questioned me. He learned

"That is all of that story." said Godseems to me somehow familiar, but I frey in a crisp voice; "but there is another. Ask her, madame, for what purpose she called at this house, night

> had resolved herself to blackmail you, I know, madame." madame!"

"I came hoping to save her-to"-

face ablaze. "It is a lie!"

trembling. I placed a chair for her. and she sank into it with a murmur of "Besides, we have a witness to her visit," added Godfrey. "Shall I call

I could see how the velled lady was

the police, madame?" "No, no!" and the girl sat upright I will tell all. Give me but a moment!" I saw her eyes widen, and, glancing staring at her, his face livid. The

who told! Coward! Coward!" "Be still" cried Godfrey. "He told Rogers broke in with a hollow and

"It was you!" she shricked, and shook

letters, there would be no reward." again, her face ghastly. "I will tell. Godfrey supplemented. outside, and I sent him hurrying for around, I saw that Rogers had dragged anything but friendly. The velled lady himself to a sitting posture and was turned to me and held out her hand.

> out after them, and Godfrey and 1 were left alone together. "Well," said Godfrey-"well, what a